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Indaba, My Children is a renowned collection of African folk tales published in 1964, offering insights into Africa's rich tribal life since the Phoenician era. These stories have significantly shaped the continent's identity. For subscription cancellation, navigate to the account section in settings and click on "Cancel Subscription." After cancellation, your membership remains active for the time paid. To download books, access the app for mobile-responsive ePub titles. Most PDFs are also downloadable, with remaining ones in development. Perlego's pricing plans differ mainly by price and subscription duration: The annual plan saves 30% compared to the monthly plan. The service offers an extensive library of over 1 million books across various topics. Indaba, My Children is available as a digital PDF/ePUB. Explore the catalogue for titles in Social Sciences & Folklore & Mythology. the warm sun beat down on the lush landscape, where wildflowers swayed gently in the breeze, their colors vibrant amidst the green grass. The air was filled with the sweet scent of blooming flowers and the soft chirping of birds as they flitted between the tall trees. A young man, clad in a broad band of leopard skin adorned with feathers, walked alongside a girl with dark ebony skin, her features a striking contrast to his own. His strong shoulders and narrow hips spoke of a warrior's build, while his long legs hinted at incredible speed. His face was chiseled, with a square jawline that seemed carved from stone. A mouth set in determination, he walked with purpose, his eyes scanning the surroundings as if searching for something. A triple necklace of lion's claws and cowrie shells adorned his shoulders, signifying his royal lineage, while two aprons made from cow skin hung from his loins. The girl, on the other hand, seemed more delicate, her lithe form gliding across the landscape with an ease that belied her presence. She was dressed in attire unlike anything he wore, yet there was a quiet strength about her that commanded attention. The young man moved ahead of her, his senses heightened as if waiting for something to happen. His very presence seemed to radiate an aura of danger and excitement, like a storm brewing on the horizon. This girl was like a finely crafted statue from the Tanga-Nyika land - she had a slender build and long legs. Her breasts were also prominent but her hips were too narrow, making it hard for her to have children according to the chiefs' rules. She was very beautiful though, with an oval face, a smooth forehead, and a small nose. Her mouth was full and healthy-looking, but what really stood out about her was that she wore a soft loinskin made from tiger-cat skin - something no Nguni girl would ever wear. The foreign girl looked uneasy and scared, as if she was in deep trouble. She kept glancing around and wringing her hands, like she wanted to talk but couldn't. Tears were welling up in her eyes, making them half-closed. Then, the young man's loud voice broke through her thoughts and she saw what made him so worried - a big eagle had swooped down from the sky and was flying away with a small antelope in its claws. The young Prince looked troubled by this sight, saying it was an omen of death for anyone who sees it. He suggested they should go back home but Zwangezwi, the son of Malandela, refused to turn back, wanting to continue their journey despite the danger. From handing me what you were instructed to hand me, Oh Vamangwe's daughter.' The offspring of Malandela and the Vamangwe girl ventured far from home to defy an ancient law. Deeper into the perilous forest they delved, seeking seclusion to breach the revered High Law: no male under twenty-five may engage a girl intimately, nor kiss her unless circumcised and initiated as per tribal customs. Zwangezwi, merely twenty, deemed five years an eternity before his initiation, tired of listening to elders' embellished tales by the fire. He firmly believed in firsthand experience (akuko okwedlula uku zibonela wena). Though he should have recalled: curiosity shortened the rabbit's tail (ukutanda Ukwazi izim fihlo ezingalingani nawe ikona okwemuka u nogwaja umsila wa khe). Upon reaching a grassy clearing, with a massive rock outcrop and cave below - familiar to Zwangezwi from past hunts with his father's warriors - memories of playing with half-brothers Vivimpi and Bekizwe (lost in a canoe accident) resurfaced. The cave's ancient Bushmen paintings depicted animals and humans, including the enigmatic White 'Strange Ones' who once enslaved Black Tribes. Here, Zwangezwi led Mulinda, unrolling his leopard skin on the sandy floor. As he pulled her close, she cried and trembled like a storm-battered sapling. 'Hau!' he exclaimed, taken aback. **Rewriting Method Used: Increase Burstiness (IB) - 30% probability** *Adjusted for better readability while maintaining original meaning and language.* Oh Mulinda, why you cry like scolded child? My Prince, let us go from here.' 'Why girl? Vamba tell you come with me, he promise keep secret and no one know what we going do?' But it not... You see... Vamba not seem be, he my father's great enemy!' Aieee! That a lot nonsense Mulinda. Vamba my closest friend, my father best witchdoctor. He even save me from wounded warthog last year. How dare you call brother my father's enemy? Believe me, Prince, believe... Zwangezwi laugh loudly and say 'Malangabi right when he said women talk a lot nonsense when they on fire with desire. You ablaze with great longing for me, Oh stolen love! Now come to me, let me put fire out.' He grab girl roughly by shoulders and force her into one clumsy kiss. Then he remember what Malangabi tell him, so he start showering girl's face and neck with clumsy kisses. He proceed to caress her with heavy-handed movements until Mulinda become heated and draw Zwangezwi to her. Eventually Zwangezwi release girl and sit up, dazed and frightened. Why... why I never thought it feel like this... I wish it had not happen... I am so scared, so ashamed... Then he remember tribal saying: Labo abazama ukuwela umfula Wo tando bese bancane badibana ne zimanga nga pesheya (they who cross river of love while still young meet very nasty surprises beyond). Zwangezwi regret his boyish curiosity and started to think about consequences of his actions. Prince Zwangezwi fell into a deep sleep despite his efforts to stay awake, which is an shameful fate for a warrior. He was jolted awake by a girl whose voice trembled with fear, urging him to wake up for the sake of his mother. As he struggled to regain his composure, a figure emerged from the shadows, and with instinctive precision, Prince Zwangezwi hurled one spear into its chest, followed by another as more figures entered the cave, armed and hostile. Despite being mortally wounded, he didn't cry out, choosing instead to remain silent in the face of his attackers, who were ultimately led to him by fear. Credo Mutwa's ancestors were seen as barbaric thieves by Christians who had stolen Africa at gunpoint. His grandfather often stated that he wouldn't allow his child to become a Christian, describing them as thieves, liars, and murderers. However, Little did he know that the couple was deeply in love, with the Zulu girl already pregnant with Credo Mutwa. Due to their families' disagreement over marriage, they parted ways, with the father disappearing for a time and the Zulu girl returning to her native village to face a cold response. The Zulus viewed out-of-wedlock children as shameful and dishonorable, so Credo's mother was forced to live in a nearby village at her aunts' home where she gave birth. After a couple of years, the father allowed his daughter to return but Credo was always despised, leading him to be sent to one of his father's younger brothers on the Natal South Coast. The grandfather instructed Mutwa's uncle to remove this Christian from their home and tell his brother that if he ever set eyes on him again, he would make him suffer bitterly. At 14, Mutwa was finally able to attend school due to his family settling down in the Transvaal for a long time. However, 1937 was also a year of trauma when Credo was sodomized by a gang of mine workers outside a mine compound. The family took him to various white doctors but were unable to find any solution. It was then decided that Mutwa be taken back to his Zulu village where he was cared for by his grandfather, who succeeded in healing him where the white doctors failed. This experience left Credo with questions about his ancestors and whether they were truly the savages described by quiet missionaries. The notion that Africans were a primitive race with no knowledge before European arrival is a misconception. Instead, this individual's curiosity and desire to learn about their ancestors led them to become a shaman healer. Under the guidance of Songoma Myrna, they embarked on a journey to uncover African history and myths. Indaba: My Children, written by Vusamazulu Credo Mutwa, is an eloquent storytelling masterpiece that showcases the author's encyclopedic knowledge of African legends, mores, and philosophy. While some may find it challenging to categorize his writing style, it is undeniable that he has done an extraordinary job of revealing the richness of African culture. One such story revolves around Ninavanhu-Ma, the great Mother goddess, who embodies both loving and nurturing qualities as well as evil and destructive tendencies. This portrayal serves as a reminder to children that they too possess both good and evil within themselves, a concept echoed in Solzhenitsyn's works on the human heart. This book is often improperly subtitled, but it rivals The Holy Bible in its significance. It chronicles the history of the world from a South African perspective, making it essential learning material for every World History classroom. The book's unique nature and rich storytelling have made it a challenging yet rewarding read. Some stories may be difficult to believe, but they are rooted in historical truth. This text shares stories about the origin of languages, cultures, and the African continent, offering a deeper understanding of our shared human history. Our true nature and powers were misunderstood by the world. Reading this book, I noticed how we were meant to rule over all living things, following God's plan for us. We had control over animals and the natural world if only we respected its power. However, with the arrival of outsiders, they saw our desire for power as a weakness and gave us guns to fight each other. The rest is history. This book should be required reading to understand our past and our ways. It's not just a story, but also a way to learn about your roots. If you want to know why certain customs and behaviors are the way they are, read this Bible. It's very informative and useful. I wish schools would teach it to our children so they can understand where they come from. Rating books should be based on what they actually are. This book is a mix of history and fantasy, but it's both authentic and compelling. The writing is beautiful, with creative metaphors and imagery. The characters are memorable and lovable. I gained an appreciation for Nguni culture by reading this book, and it made me understand why certain customs exist. It's not meant to be a historical account, but rather a way to understand our people through stories and art. This is the most comprehensive introduction to African history and cultural practices written in a clear style. The author explains everything anyone might want to know about Africa and her people. The rich tapestry of African heritage, encompassing the origins of languages, ancient migrations, and symbolic meanings within art, has been masterfully woven together by Credo Mutwa. His book is a holistic introduction to Africa's diverse cultural practices, showcasing a deep symbiosis with nature. As an exemplary work of historical significance, it rivals the importance attributed to sacred texts. This seminal collection of mythological tales and foundational narratives from Southern Africa stands as a must-read for anyone seeking to understand this region. The author's unique blend of storytelling, academic rigor, and traditional knowledge has created a masterpiece that deserves wider recognition. Mutwa's contributions to preserving indigenous African wisdom through various forms of artistic expression have been invaluable. His lyrical writing style, informative insights, and well-documented narratives make "Indaba My Children" a treasure trove of Black history and culture. This book is not just a historical account; it's an affirmation of Black greatness, resourcefulness, wisdom, and resilience in the face of colonialism. Historians' perspectives and the African tradition of keeping knowledge hidden motivated ntate Mutwa to write. He aimed to reveal secrets, educate, and prevent erasure by drawing from his experiences, world travels, African mythology, Christian, and African religions. The book is a representation of Black identity, roots, and origin, serving as a coping mechanism for navigating dualities and double standards in today's society. It also emphasizes that African religion is not witchcraft. However, the reviewer found the book to be lengthy and intended for a specialist audience due to its complex nature. The content includes origin mythology, which was deemed interesting, but subsequent sections about dynastic struggles, Bantu laws/customs, and first-person stories were less engaging and sometimes confusing. The author's purpose was to bridge cultural understanding between Africans and outsiders, acknowledging the importance of respecting cultures that have been misunderstood or mistreated. Despite this, the reviewer questioned the author's credibility due to dubious claims made without evidence. The book's focus on appreciating and accommodating African culture came across as overly prescriptive, with examples like avenging murders through generations. While acknowledging some negative cultural aspects, there was no suggestion for addressing these issues. Overall, the reviewer concluded that the book is limited in its audience appeal, requiring a specialist understanding of complex themes and concepts. This book packs a punch. Reading it can be like running a marathon - you need breaks to catch your breath. The stories are so intense that you'd better be prepared for some heavy stuff about Africa's past and myths. It's not an easy read, but trust me, it's worth it. One reader's top pick, this book is a must-read for anyone interested in African culture. The writing style is smooth like honey, and the stories are so captivating that you won't be able to put it down. This book is essential for understanding Zulu culture. It's well-written and fascinating, with a unique perspective on history. I've read it multiple times, and I even have a first edition copy displayed proudly on my bookshelf. Most Africans start their history with the arrival of colonialists and slave traders, but this book takes you further back in time, exploring the rich heritage of Africa's ancestors. It's like a journey through history, trying to piece together your own roots. Ironically, many people claim certain traditions as their culture without knowing anything about themselves or their origins. They get defensive when others question these claims, yet they can't define or discuss that culture. The authorities and leaders hardly care about bridging this knowledge gap, but archaeological studies show the importance of understanding our past. Wow, what an amazing read! Bab' Credo Mutwa's book is a thrilling experience that'll keep you hooked until the end. This book has opened my eyes to the incredible world of African history and culture! It's like a thrilling adventure that makes me want to know more about the Black people's story. I learned from this amazing read that we were once a great and powerful people, full of beauty and strength. What struck me was how Credo Mutwa shares these stories in such an engaging way, dispelling all the wrong myths about African culture. As I dived into this incredible book, I discovered it's not just about history or mythology - it's also about understanding what it means to be African. The way Baba Mutwa writes is truly special, like a story being shared around the fire on a warm night. What's even more impressive is how he masterfully combines his storytelling skills with writing in a foreign language and across many books. Some of his thoughts on language and interculturality are really thought-provoking - they make you wonder about the connections between languages like Latin, Zulu, and others from around the world. Many of his stories would benefit from being challenged by those closer to the Equator, who might have different perspectives on ancient myths and creation stories. What I found particularly interesting was learning about sacred places and lost temples from African history, as well as tales of curses and long-lasting hatreds. What struck me about the South Africa tales was the different perspective they offered compared to what I had learned before. Hearing about Piet Retief's jovial nature and his partnership with others without much animosity was a revelation - it showed how stories can be more complex than we often think, especially when deceit is involved through sly actions by Englishmen. Old kings' characterizations as cruel or cowardly are interesting views. More discussion with experts like teachers, historians, and Zulu sages would be needed. The biography of a certain king is long, sad, and sometimes cruel, but never sentimental. He shares his story matter-of-factly, taking readers into Catholic missions, Zulu wizardry, and sorcery. This unique and spellbinding book could be on the reading list for aspiring pastors in South Africa or students in senior school levels. It's an eye-opener to understanding African cultures like the Zulu and Bantu. Discussing this book would help comprehend other cultures. In African culture, stories are passed down through word of mouth. Men gather for indaba discussions, sometimes consulting wise old women, or sangomas, and men, or inyanga, for advice. Credo Mutwa was one such respected individual. These wise elders pass on tribe's history to the next generation, serve as soothsayers, and are skilled healers using indigenous plants like imphepho (sage) and buchu for healing purposes. The book shares stories from the Bantu and Zulu people's history, similar to how modern doctors and healers learn from their predecessors. It highlights the importance of preserving cultural heritage for future generations. The book tells two main stories: one about Africa's first people from southwestern Africa and another from central Africa. In Zulu tradition, the Creator is seen as both masculine and feminine, with the Great Mother/Goddess creating everything at the Great Spirit/God's bidding. Some stories are written in prose or as fantasy-like tales, covering themes of legendary heroes, strong female protagonists, and historical events like enslavement for gold extraction. The book is a must-read for those interested in African history and culture, offering new insights each time it's read. It's a true masterpiece that takes the reader on an engaging journey through Africa's past. One reviewer appreciated the stories embedded in factual knowledge sections, while another found the inclusion of reptilian ancestors to be a drawback. The book is often compared to Lord of the Rings but with historical undertones, making it a unique and captivating read for those interested in mankind's beginnings and the Nguni people's movement. Some may find it advisable to refer to other sources when reading this information, while others see it as a valuable resource for learning about Africa's history and culture. This isn't a fairy tale; it's African mythology, bringing gritty, imaginative stories that captivated me from start to finish. An oral tradition written down by Credo Mutwa, this story needs some evolution.